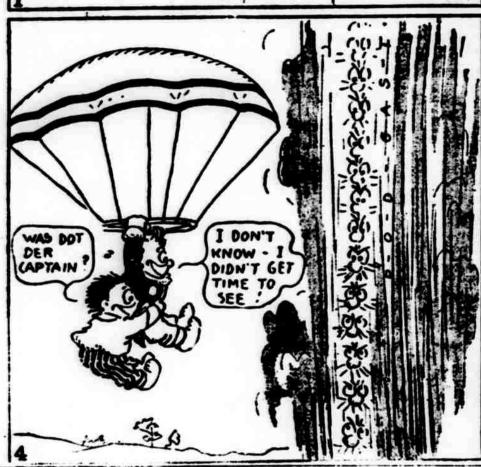
"DER UP" COMES DOWN!

















Mummy, do mosquitoes bite us because they like us or because they don't like us?"-London Punch.

DYSPEPTIC PHILOSOPHY.

A train of thoughts is all right A man's hest friend good back on when he kicks himself. Don't try to add to your stature by standing on your dignity. Candor is all right in its place, but has fractured many a friendship. A woman who is justous is almost examperating as a man who isn't. l'ride wouldn't ge before a fall if would only take a tumble to itself. if you would hitch your wagon to star, be sure it isn't merely a skyrocket New York Times.

THE BASS DRUMMER.

THE AMATEUR CHAUFFEUR.



ORIGINALITY.

At the Players' Club they were talking about the late Mra Nell Burgess.

What I liked about her, said a comedian, was her modesty, her plain, unassuming way.

Though she was an artist to her fingeritipe, she detested hifalutin, spread eagle talk about art. She besteved that the best actors went about their work in a simple, practical manner, as a plumber about his, and she believed that discussion of the theory of art and all that seer of thing was futile.

Tonce heard a dramatic critic ask her if she believed in realisation or idealization, and whether she acted subjectively.

The answered with a laugh that being such a plain person, she was, like the hase drummer, unequal to such questions.

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The said that a musician once complimented a base drummer on his drumming.

Tell me, my dear str. she asked, do you pay by ear or by note:

Mein friendt, replied the drummer, the was an original chap, and. In his original ment now be done.

We have the plain understance of the late of the Pennsylvania Academy of Natural Sciences. At one of the academy's meetings the North Pole was suggested. Of this method the president said amiling:

"Doubtless in that way, the pole might be achieved but what an original way of citing there it would be!"

"It reminds me of the way two Sas.

These guests came to spend the evening and didn't know when to depart. My friends were nationt with them, very particular to the plain of the plain o

Tee Small. "A clever ornament for this specious hall, says the decorator to Mrs. Struk-oile. "would be a grandfather's clock."

I hardly think so," replied Mrs. Struk-

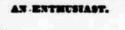
"But they art quite the thing."
"Maybe so, but an alarm clock would never be seen in this great hig place. Besides, after grandfather got so eld he couldn't get up at 4 o'clock to get to the factory I believe he gave the siarm clock

Sad Case. "Will Hefton be on your factball tous this year?" sake the visitor of the resident of football"
"No. He met with a serious accident."
"Ah! I have often said that football is a dangerous game, and—"
"He didn't get hurt in a game. He was experimenting in the chemical inhoratory and there was an explosion which singed off all his haft."—Chicago Thibone.

Thave here the words and music of a buildby, announces the seas writer, coloring the office of the music publisher.

Don't want it, replies the music publisher.

"But this one is different. It doesn't end with the words flor co-org!





POUNDS AND POUNDS.

The Ingenuese General.

Chan Chun Man, the head of a Cantenase firm employing ever 16,000 hands, has been studying American industries. In Philadelphia, apropos of the Chinese awakening, he said:

"China has for thousands of years been highly enough civilized to despise war. Her new-born respect for war is not an urmined good. There is, perhaps, a little of degeneration, of barbarism, in it.

"But at least China will no longer be the laughing-stock of nations more warlike than hereelf. It will no longer be possible to say to her, as the Japanese once said, that a Chinese General explained defeat with such a report as this:

"The ignorant enemy, unaware that guas could not be fired against an object behind them, came upon us from the rear and thus rendered all our cannon useless."

MILITARY CRITICISM.





"Wot's a walkin' deligate, anyhow?"
"Why, a walkin' deligate is a faller wot
wot walks, only uses parlor cars an'
cabs."

A MODEL SON.

A motorist who had the misfortune to knock down and elightity injure a pedestrian agreed to pay the bill for medical attendance and to compensate the man for loss of employment during the time he was ill. Ultimately an account for 239 was submitted to him, and, though considering it heavy, he paid it.

"Bow much of this money goes to the decitor, my man?" he asked.

"Only 9 chillings." was the grudging admission. "The remainder is for lost wages."

"Do you usually get paid at the rate of 55 per week."

"Tee, sir, I does."

"Tee, sir, I does."

"Though very much inclined to question his statement, the motorist said nothing just then, but made inquirtee in the village nest day, and learned that the man only worked on Saturdays, and was kept all the rest of the wesk by his long-auffering wife.

"But the rascal swore to me that his earnings were 15 a week!" cried the indignant motorist.

"Well, that's true in a sense, sir," was the raply. "He works one day a week in a grocery store, and they give him fire nites ago; if fore gallins of bere will fill thirty-to pint hottles, how many pint as will be rested to the give him fire nites ago; if fore gallins of bere will fill thirty-to pint hottles, how many pint fill thirty-to pint hottles, how many pint and brands has been studying American industries. In Philadelphia, agroped of the Chimese awakening, he said:

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The agent was showing them the apartment. It was a modern apartment, very modern.
"All this is yours," said the agent, "for the ridiculously low rental of a thousand a year. And downstairs in the bassment," he added, "there is a large private bin for the storage of your surplus chaitels." bin for the storage of your surplus chattels."
The house-hunters, bride and groom,
caught gaspingly at the word, large,
"Would it make any difference," they
asked, half hesitating, "If we kept house
in the bin and stored our surplus chattels
in the apartment?"
Was it true? Had they solved at hot the
problem of the small flat?—Puck.

The Beady Lady. Doctor Sophreria Pietcher of Cambridg is hale and active at the age of S. In a criticism of a somewhat emotions and bombastic character, Doctor Pietche said the other day: "This gentleman reminds me of a frien of mine, a woman now dock these man of min", A woman now dead these many years.

"The woman, with a tragic sir, rushed unstairs one day, and cried to her made." 'Celeste, put my curing iron in the fire at once. James has been hitten by a mad dog." 'Ah, brave medante! said Celeste, 'Madame is going to cutterine the wound? "No," said the hedy, 'But I am going to curl my hair so I can run for the decter."

"Isn't Mauf's new hat a perfect fright?"
exclaimed the blond girl.
"Awful! The worst I over saw?" said
the girl with the chocolates.
"Wonder where she bought it?" queries





Flatbroke: "I'm sorry I can't pay that bill now—you'll have to wait awhile. And I'd like a suit this season, too."

Tailor: "You'll get it. I'm going to start one against you to-morrow?"—
Illustrated Bits.

FOOTBALL SEASON.

Good news comes from college. Where we sent our only son. To obtain a heap of knowledge-He is learning how to run.

We are giad to hear he's leaving Latin, Greek and ethics, too. For the training he's receiving in the art of "breaking through."

He is working every minute, From his letters it would seem; And he says that he'll be in it, When they pick the football team.

While Jay Gould was traveling on the Wabash system he stepped over for dinner, at a little town in Southern Illinois. The party ate some eggs, among other things, and when the bill was presented to Gould it contained the Stem: "One down, aggs, E.M." The great railroad magnate remembed that eggs must be at a premium in that sertion, to which the restaurant heeper replied: "No, air, aggs are plenty enough; but Jay Goulds are mighty soure."

PROFITABLE ERRORS

"Mistakes." said a veteran architect, "are always in a man's favor. He profits by them. Indeed, though, it is so with too many mistakes, errors and misconspilions, isn't it?

"I once knew a young draftman who sat down over a drawing board from Itill 5 daily, drawing, drawing, drawing.

"This was hard work. The young manneeded a lot of sleep to keep him fit for it. But, the baby—he had recently been married—robbed him of four or five hours' rest every night.

"At 4 u. m. in the chill gray dawn of an October marning, the poor young draftsman, as he paced the floor with the wife wearily:

"I wonder why it is this child won't sleep at night?"

"I can't imagine, the young woman answered. "I haven't a bit of treeble heeping her alseep in the daytima."

The Maid: "What salary is the old man giving you?"
The New Chauffeur: "Seventy-See a month and fines!"-Fuck.

